

# The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;  
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.  
POPE.

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1801.

[NO. XIX.]

NEW-YORK, 1801.

## THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

*Mr. Editor,*

THE sympathy of mankind for great sufferers, is the liveliest of their passions. The pity we feel for the victims of guilt, is always allied with abhorrence of the perpetrators, and no condition of our feelings is more vehement than when the reality of the suffering and the guilt being known, we are in doubt and suspense as to the criminal. Where proofs, for and against, are so nicely balanced, that the mind is held in equilibrio, curiosity and conjecture are then supreme, and a compound feeling is produced, which, though not void of considerable pain, has surely a much larger portion of pleasure.

A recent instance has occurred, in which this state of mind was felt by almost every person within the precincts of this city. I confess myself one, on whom the event alluded to, possessed an irresistible influence. Curiosity and sympathy, for a time, engrossed my soul. You will not, then, be surprised, that my discourse frequently lighted on the same theme, and that I partook eagerly, in every conversation which this mysterious affair produced.

Some time ago, and before the law had pronounced its sentence on the accused, I paid a Sunday visit, as was my custom, when the weather allowed, to an old gentleman now about seventy-five years of age, who resides not fifteen miles from the city. Thirty years of his life have been spent in this retirement. He is infirm, fond of repose, and contented to know what is passing in the world by means of the newspapers and the conversation of his visitants.

He received me as cordially as usual. Common inquiries being made and answered, I led the talk to the affair which occupied so large a place in my fancy. He was inquisitive on this head, and, having taken more than ordinary trouble to make myself master of evidence, I was able to tell a tolerably circumstantial story. After I had finished, he commented on it in va-

rious ways. At length, after a pause, he said:

"'Tis a strange affair, and stranger from its coincidence with something that took place, on this very island, a long time since. A death, sudden and violent, of a female, well born, young, accomplished. The cases vary indeed. The rank, education and character of the victims were different, but there are surprising coincidences."

"Pray," said I, "when happened the event you speak of? I never heard of it before."

"No, I wonder how you should. You were then unborn, or, at least, in your cradle. A new generation has since started up, and their passions have full employment with what is passing. Here and there an old man, like myself, may be met with, who remembers it, and yet faintly. Relate the circumstances, and perhaps he calls it to mind; and yet, at the time, every heart, every mouth was full of it. Nothing else was thought of or talked about, among all ranks and all ages, not in this city merely, but throughout the colonies; nay, a mutilated story got to Europe, and was inserted in the papers of the day, and no wonder, for it was a distressful case; in every view distressful, to the unhappy girl herself, to her family and friends, who doated on her, to the unfortunate wretch who incurred suspicions of being the criminal. Of all men his lot was the most disastrous, the most intollerable! Such a complicated evil! A mystery so impenetrable, so fatal to the fame, peace and life of one who merited a better fate! It was enough to put me out of conceit with human nature. I have, indeed, been more than half a misanthropist ever since."

"Have you never heard of it? And yet, as I said, no wonder. It happened near forty years ago, and a thousand motives pressed upon the friends of the lost girl, the advantage of burying the story in oblivion."

The curiosity which was thus excited, my friend readily consented to gratify. Your readers will see the propriety of using fictitious names on this occasion. There is no need of hurting the feelings of sur-

vivors, and though forty years may be expected to have deadened most of the feelings of our nature, and, indeed, to have left alive very few who are personally interested in the story, I think it best to employ this disguise, though, in all other circumstances, I shall carefully adhere to the truth.

"In the year 1763, a person arrived in this city, as he gave out, from Europe. His name was Arden, under thirty years of age, unrecommended, unknown to any one. He became acquainted, by means, not of moment to be mentioned just now, with one whom I had been intimate from my infancy, and all the secrets of whose heart I was master of. My friend grew much attached to the stranger, took him into his house, found him destitute of visible means of support, and shared with him his confidence. He found him modest, reserved, serious in deportment, endowed with much knowledge of men and of books. In short, Brudenel, that was my friend's name, his wife, and his whole family became extremely attached to him. He let them but little into his past life, but they were not suspicious or inquisitive, and always ready to excuse him from disclosing what, when he chose to disclose, they were always eager to hear.

"He wanted some employment; and a Mr. Finch, a gentleman of large fortune, needing some intelligent person, of humble views and good character, to instruct three children in French and Latin, Brudenel proposed the office to Arden, who gladly acquiesced; and Finch consented to take him upon this recommendation. He took lodgings a mile or two from town, and walked in and out every day, during four months of the first winter, during which he discharged his new functions in Mr. Finch's family.

"Mr. Finch had built an house, and laid out grounds on the banks of the Hudson, about nine miles from the city. Hither he intended to retire and pass the rest of his life, and the parties being mutually pleased with each other. Arden agreed to live with him, and continue the superintendence of his children.



"Finch had four children. Three of them were under thirteen, and these were Arden's pupils; the eldest was a daughter. Harriet, about twenty-four, a very lovely girl, on whom her family and friends doated with excess of fondness. These, with Arden, Mr. Finch, and servants, made up the family.

"Three months after being settled in their new abode, the catastrophe so much deplored took place. It was a mild evening in summer, when, just before sunset, Harriet was observed to leave the house, and stroll as if for recreation along the bank. She disappeared among the trees of a grove at some hundred yards distant. The night came on. Harriet was absent; was sought after, but was no where to be found.

The impatience of the family was somewhat relieved by conjecturing that she had gone to visit a cottage about four miles distant, where lived a good old woman, sick and infirm, to whom she was accustomed to perform some charitable offices. That night passed, and the lady not returning next morning, search was instituted anew, and a message was sent to Mr. Finch, who had been detained for the preceding ten days in town. This new search was for four and twenty hours, unavailing; but at length Harriet was found, covered with some bushes, at the bottom of a grotto, a mile from the mansion house, on the banks of the river, *dead!*

"This grotto, formed by a recess in the rock, obscure, overgrown with bushes and of difficult access, was almost unknown to the family. Harriet had never mentioned it to others, and was never known to have gone thither. There were marks of violence upon the body, which left no doubt of the nature of her death.

"Who was the guilty man? was the world's immediate inquiry; but conjecture had not long to roam. The assassin, it was impossible to doubt, was Arden.

"That very evening Arden was seen, after dismissing his pupils, to wander forth a few minutes after, and almost on the footsteps of Harriet. He was seen at dusk, by a neighbouring farmer, accidentally passing that way, coming from the thicket which surrounded the rock in which the grotto was hallowed. His gesture and countenance were observed to denote anxiety and fear. His voice, when answering the farmer's "good evening, sir,"—was hurried and faltering.

"The same appearances were observed on his entering the house. He went to his chamber; and after remaining shut up till nine o'clock, he came out, ordered his

horse, and rode away to the city. Early next morning he went to Mr. Finch's lodgings, and, with evident reluctance and embarrassment, informed him of his resolution to leave his service.

(To be Continued.)

## Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from our last.)

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly gathered from the perusal of novels, she had read too many stories of the various arts of seduction, and was too handsome, not to render the motives of peculiar civility in strangers extremely suspicious; and she now began to imagine herself the immediate object of seducing artifice. In this idea she was confirmed by having heard the people in the shop whisper, as she passed through it, "How beautiful!"—and the coachman, on receiving his fare, and leaving her to their protection, significantly bade them "make the most of her." But what more fully convinced her, was the entrance of a corpulent elderly woman, so perfectly answerable to the usual description, in novels, of a procuress, that our heroine deemed her safety to consist in another elopement. Therefore snatching up her bandbox, she suddenly, and without a single word, rushed out of the house, leaving the good people, in the midst of their tenderness and compassion, to stare at each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Fatigued at length with the precipitancy of her flight, she stopped a moment to rest her box upon a post in the street; and now the horrors of her situation presented themselves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night, without exposing herself to the arts and imposition of licentious men, or of mercenary women, she thought would be impracticable without having recourse to stratagem; for the inexperienced are too apt to conclude that deceit only can prevail against deceit, and that artifice is to be undermined only by artifice. After ruminating some time, a thought suggested itself, that could she conceal the circumstance of her being a country girl, she would have nothing to dread from those whom she considered as the unprincipled and inhuman destroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting, then, on what questions might be asked

her under any assumed character, she spiritedly entered the first house which she saw exhibit *Lodgings to let*; saying, that "she was a milliner's apprentice, accustomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, because her mistress having unexpectedly a number of visitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds." The people to whom this tale was addressed, expressed their doubts of her veracity, which she strongly asserted, when turning her head, she beheld the identical tradesman, from whose house she had just escaped, an attentive auditor to her new story. He had made bold to trace his uncommon visitor, and, confronting her with the relation she had given him, of being just arrived from the country, gave her a sense of shame and of guilt, to which her bosom had hitherto been an utter stranger.

In this dilemma the unfortunate wanderer, sharply casting her eye on the bandbox, meditated another elopement. She was stopped in the attempt, and the door was locked. As a detected impostor, she was now obliged to endure the harsh menaces of those around her, who threatened to send her to a prison, unless she discovered her abettors, and the end proposed by her imposition. Reduced to this extremity, she again had recourse to sincerity, and, with a flood of tears, once more candidly confessed who and what she was; protesting that her own preservation, rather than the wrong of another, tempted her to use the falsehoods of which she had been guilty. But truth itself was now of little avail: her hearers treated it as another instance of prevarication; and the woman of the house, with a sort of savage love of honesty, was on the point of ordering a constable, when a sudden exclamation directed the attention of all to another object. A boy, about twelve years of age, with a heart as tender as his years, pitying the distress, and moved by the supplications of the lovely wanderer, cried to see her cry, and loudly threatened his mother never to go to school again if she did not let the young lady go without sending for a constable. This oratory proved irresistible: the outrageous justice of the woman subsided. Our poor adventurer, after being insultingly told to "Repent!" was turned out of doors near midnight, and, with an aching heart and streaming eyes, left to wander in the streets of London.

Exposed to those insults which females usually encounter when, unprotected, they ramble the streets at midnight, our heroine wandered where chance directed her,



till the clock struck two, when she found herself at Holborn bridge, and saw a stage coach setting off for York, hearing, at the same time, the coachman tell a person who asked for a place, that there was not one to spare. It immediately occurred to her to ask the same question, and on receiving the same answer, to solicit for lodging at the inn, as a disappointed passenger, and thus escape the frightful hazards to which she was liable in the streets. Happily this scheme succeeded; but not without evident suspicions of her character, on the part of her host and hostess. These suspicions, however, afforded her the consolation of an assurance, that she had nothing to apprehend, in this house, where her youth and beauty seemed the only bar to a kind reception; the landlady taking the precaution even to lock the door of the wretched place in which Miss Simpson was permitted to sleep, and, like a careful duenna, wisely putting the key in her pocket.

Our adventurer arose at her usual hour; but having no bell, or any means, from the height she was lodged, to let the family know she was up, and they sagaciously concluding, that ladies who go to bed at two in the morning, are in no haste to rise, she was left to ruminate on her situation till noon. She could not but deplore her fate; and yet she was more inclined to pursue it, than to return home, and suffer the reproach of indiscretion, with the still further mortification of not having gratified that curiosity, which had led her into a situation at once so extraordinary and disagreeable. "Mine hostess" at length released her fair prisoner, and informed her, that the York coach would set out again that evening. This information was delivered with an air of severity, and as if she suspected that her lodger had no intention of becoming a passenger. Our poor adventurer had not courage to justify that suspicion, but laid down her whole stock of money, to the last half-crown, for the purpose of securing a place in the machine for a journey which she never intended to take. This, however, satisfied the landlady, who desired Miss Simpson to walk down to breakfast; but she excused herself, under the pretence that she was in haste to call on a relation in another part of the town, in order to inform her of the disappointment she had experienced in not leaving London the preceding evening. By this apology she saved the expence of a breakfast, which she was by no means inclined to taste, and thought she could thus secure another night's lodging at an unsuspected house. On her return to the

inn, therefore, she said her relation had requested her to remain in town a few days longer; and by this artifice secured her wretched apartment; and while our unfortunate heroine daily took a walk merely to purchase what her slender finances could afford, the people of the inn supposed Miss Simpson to be feasting with her relations. She was now in the utmost distress: it is a fact, that, two half-penny rolls, with water from the bottle in her chamber, were all that she subsisted on during the last ten days she was at the inn.

(To be Continued.)

## THE PLAINTIFF.

### NO. I.

Being continually summoned to give attendance to the different strictures and complaints of various characters who are displeased either with the manners or the morals of the times, and wishing to afford to each, and to all who deem themselves aggrieved, a full and candid hearing; we design to set apart a paper, entitled, THE PLAINTIFF, for the reception of such complaints: and, on the perusal of such memorials, should any remedy for the grievance exhibited, present itself to our view, we shall not fail to intimate the same.

Our readers will perceive, that it is not at the request of its author, the following letter is published; but admiring his candour—conscious of the high estimation of that virtue in the eyes of the fair, and thinking that a full developement of his unfortunate case may interest them in his behalf, we trust he will pardon its insertion.

MR. EDITOR,

I am now verging on my nine-and-twentieth year, in the unfortunate character of an unfortunate fortune-hunter. In this branch of business an engaging address, and an uncommon assiduity, are most essential requisites; in both of which qualities, I have the vanity to think, I have obtained a considerable proficiency; but by some unaccountable incident or other, I have always been prevented from turning them to a proper account.

Inheriting a small paternal fortune, which is barely sufficient to enable me to keep up the appearance of a gentleman; and shrinking from the idea of manual labour or commercial concerns, I have, ever since the death of my father, been endeavouring to relieve my pecuniary embarrassments by a matrimonial alliance; and possessing, as I told you before, a genteel address, and an agreeable person, I have, at different periods of my life, contracted

a variety of intimacies with ladies of considerable family and fortune.

Fortune-hunters are frequently notorious for the immorality of their characters, but, Mr. Editor, that you may not conceive a worse opinion of me than I really deserve; I will candidly assure you, that I never was in a state of inebriation above thrice in my life; that I never swear, or talk profanely; and that I never but once attempted the honour of a lady, and that once, if I may be permitted the expression, was with an honourable intention. I had, as I supposed, gained the lady's heart, but was fearful that her parents might be averse to our union; I therefore thought there could be no harm in violating her honour, that I might give a proof of my own, by afterwards espousing her. Knowing her to be of an amorous complexion, I endeavoured to sap the foundation of her virtue by those arts which are generally employed by seducers, but was repulsed with spirited remonstrances, which, perhaps a repetition of the attack might have subdued: unfortunately, however, her mother arrived in town the next day, received an unfavourable account of our intimacy; forbade my admission to the house; hurried her into the country; and shortly after forced her into an alliance with a country Squire, whose only qualities were those of leaping over hedges and ditches, and carousing with his boon companions.

The first female whom I had the honour of being acquainted with, upon a tender footing, was a young lady possessed of every accomplishment, both mental and external, that could render her desirable in the eyes of a man of sentiment. Adorned with every virtue that could grace an angelic form, and blessed with a suavity of disposition which a seraph might have envied, long did she reign the sweet dictatress of my actions.—Hapless! ill-fated maiden! may thy shade still hover over me; still may thy mild virtues shed their sweetest influence, for long and tenderly did I love thee; and had not insatiate death bereaved me of thy lovely form, I still had been supremely blest, nor heaved that sigh of fond regret, which an ever-wakeful remembrance inspires.—Excuse this digression, Mr. Editor: my Louisa's virtues claim it as a tribute. Snatched by an untimely fate from my expectant arms, when my fondest hopes were on the eve of their completion; with her I lost my all, for she was all my happiness.

Perhaps, sir, instead of a fortune-hunter, you will conclude I am a sentimentalist.—I have my feelings, nor would I re-



sign them for the most splendid fortune in Christendom; although to them I may attribute many of my failures: one instance of which I will recite. I visited a young lady of considerable fortune and connexions, with whom, at first, I thought I could make myself happy; and as I was most favourably received by her mother, from whom I did not think proper to conceal my circumstances; and meeting with several tender advances from herself, I had not the smallest reason to doubt the fullest completion of my wishes. So far all was fair; but upon a closer acquaintance, I discovered some qualities in the lady's disposition, which were by no means consonant with my ideas of propriety; and my interest yielded to a delicacy of sentiment, which, in minds of less susceptibility, would have been easily suppressed; and I was compelled to forfeit the friendship of a lady, whose talents and friendship I admired, because I could not yield to the caprices of her daughter.

As an assistance to my economy, I have sometimes found it necessary to insinuate myself into the good graces of upper-servants, where I have had no hopes of attracting the attention of the commanding branches of the family; and have frequently found, in those attendants upon fashion, though directly opposite to the general character, a generosity of sentiment which would have done honour to the higher circles of society. Once in my life, through a connexion of this kind, I had the fortune to be noticed by the mistress of the house, a young lady of an independent fortune, who resided with her brother. With no great difficulty, I procured a formal introduction to the family, was received with the greatest politeness and attention, and soon contracted strict friendships with several of her relations, which have never yet been violated. Every thing went on in a regular process; settlements were made, agreements signed, the wedding clothes bought, and every thing but the day that was to make me master of her person and fortune, was determined; when an almost instantaneous, unaccountable caprice of the lady's, which to this moment is to me an inexplicable mystery, induced her to refuse that hand and heart which she had before unequivocally promised. This affair, Mr. Editor, you will easily suppose, gave me considerable pain; particularly as I could obtain no satisfactory explanation: however I soon consoled myself, by reflecting, that the woman who could act in so ungenerous a manner, was unworthy of my friendship or my love. Not many days elapsed after this disagree-

able occurrence had taken place, when, on my return home one evening, I found a letter on my table, directed in an unknown hand, which, on opening, I found to be written by a female; it contained in plain, though delicate terms, a declaration of love, accompanied with some fears, which she entertained of my secrecy, when entrusting me with her name and address. She informed me that she was on the point of entering into a respectable line of business; and, if I could consider her worthy of my esteem, her greatest happiness would be, that of making me master of her person and property. I immediately returned a polite answer to this kind epistle; assuring her, in return for her candour, that my heart was unattracted by any particular object; and as generosity and good sense were virtues which I had ever admired, I had not the smallest doubt of being happy with a lady, who seemed to possess, in so eminent a degree, those amiable qualities. I also dispatched an emissary to reconnoitre the premises, who brought me the pleasing intelligence, that it was a very respectable house, and, from appearances, in a very thriving state. You will believe me, Mr. Editor, when I tell you that I took care not to be behind the appointed time; but going along poor Roderic Random's disappointment, upon a similar occasion, made a forcible impression upon my mind, and it was not without some tremours, that I entered the house of my fair correspondent, when I was immediately introduced to the lady, who received me with the distant reserve of a person who had never before seen me. I bowed, she courtesied, and we were both much confused—"Madam," I faltered—"this is the first time I have the pleasure of seeing a lady in whose favour I had conceived such strong prepossessions"—"Sir!" replied she, hastily—"Madam," rejoined I, much embarrassed at her abruptness—"Madam," I proceeded, "I presume, I have not to inform you of my name."—"Your name, sir—really, sir, I have not the honour to know either your name or person."—"No, madam!" said I, quite staggered with this declaration—"my name is Harlar."—"Harlar! Oh dear! I received a letter from a person of the name of Harlar this afternoon: I fancy, sir, there is some misunderstanding in the business."—An explanation immediately took place; when lo! the letter I had received was all a forgery! a vile imposture, Mr. Editor. I took leave of the lady with as much politeness as my embarrassment would permit, and returned home. Reflecting upon the strangeness

of this adventure, I thought there might yet be a possibility of turning it to advantage; I therefore wrote to the lady, apologizing for my behaviour, enclosing a copy of the letter I had received, which I hoped would sufficiently account for it; at the conclusion, soliciting the friendship of a lady, whose person and manners I so much admired. This opened the way to an interesting acquaintance; but when I thought affairs was drawing towards a conclusion, I one day received the following epistle from a female friend of the lady's:

SIR,

At the request of Miss \* \* \* \* \*, I write to inform you, that if you can advance the sum of 500*l.* to extend the business, she has no objection to present you with her hand; if not, she begs that you will discontinue your visits.

S. TIPPET.

Once again were all my prospects overthrown; and, after remonstrating, I was constrained to give over the pursuit.

You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that I have been extremely unfortunate in my love affairs, and am, perhaps, entitled to a greater portion of pity than the generality of persons in my situation.

I was once attached to a lovely girl, whose exalted virtues made the deepest impression on my heart, and warmed my soul with every sentiment of honourable passion: but friendship checked the impulse of my love, nor would my inflexible honour suffer me to make an attempt upon the heart of a woman who was engaged to the person of my friend.—At another time I formed an acquaintance with a young lady of merit and accomplishments; but, conscious of my incapacity to support her in that sphere of life in which I always wished to move, I was constrained to check my passion in its infant growth; fearing I might wound the feelings of a lady whom I so much esteemed.

Thus, Mr. Editor, has my evil genius thwarted my every effort, and I am deprived of the pleasures of matrimonial felicity by the cruel caprices of fortune.

I must request you, sir, not to print this letter; but, as I am assured that your Miscellany has a numerous class of female readers, of the first respectability, if you will insert the enclosed advertisement, I shall esteem it a singular favour.

I remain, sir,

Your very humble servant,

T. HARLAR.

P. S.—Should you receive any letters, if you will forward them according to the following address, it will be considered an additional obligation.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

A gentleman of respectable character and connexions, without fortune, but possessed of a genteel figure, a polite address, with a good temper, and who is just turned of eight-and-twenty, wishes to enter the holy state of matrimony.—Any young lady of sentiment, of an agreeable person and temper, with some taste for literature, and a fortune not less than five thousand dollars, being desirous of meeting with an affectionate and attentive partner for life, may be treated with upon terms of the strictest honour and secrecy, by sending an enclosure addressed to T. H. in a case, directed for the Editor of the Monitor.

N. B. As the gentleman's intentions are actuated by sincerity, he hopes no lady will apply, who has not formed the resolution of abiding by the dictates of that virtue. An application, enclosing an address, will be answered by a communication with the real name and place of abode of the advertiser; or, if more agreeable, will be attended to by a personal interview.

## THE REFLECTOR.

## NO. VIII.

## ON CRITICISM.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard which is still the same;  
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,  
At once the source and end, and test of art.

POPE.

THE term *Criticism* conveys a degree of terror to vulgar ears. It is imagined to be a mysterious something, severe in the extreme. Many persons shrink away from it, as from the ghosts and apparitions of former days. Its look scarifies, its touch is death. But wherefore these terrible ideas of an art, innocent in its nature, and useful in its operation? By no one should true criticism be feared. Her province is to enlighten and reform human genius. She prescribes rules of writing dictated by wisdom, the observance of which enables the author to instruct and meliorate mankind with a more sovereign efficacy.

*Criticism*, divested of its technical notions, and applied to the estimation of good writing, is founded on experience. It is not the result of arbitrary determination. It is not the product of caprice and whimsicality. No; true criticism consists of rules legitimately ascertained, from contemplating the works of others which have borne the test of public opinion. Feeling that propriety and beauty arose from cer-

tain arrangements and combinations, this disposition of things passes into an established rule not to be violated with impunity. This is the most natural account of Criticism under whatever forms it may be considered. Let this representation of its origin be carefully remembered. It will assist us in forming a just idea of a subject, possessing no mean rank in the republic of letters.

To illustrate the preceding observation, an instance has been taken from "Aristotle's rules concerning the unity of action in dramatic and epic composition. They were not rules first discovered by logical reasoning, and then applied to poetry; but they were drawn from the practice of Homer and Sophocles; they were founded upon observing the superior pleasure which we receive from the relation of an action which is *one and entire*, beyond what we receive from the relation of scattered and unconnected facts." But it may be asked concerning the rules of Criticism. Is an author to keep them constantly in view? Must they be to him what the beacon is to the mariner? Is he never to lose sight of them? To these queries it is replied; that this servile attention is by no means necessary. We wish not to load a writer with trammels. We want not to hamper his genius. But in composition, we expect that he will not overleap the boundaries which experience and good sense have wisely prescribed.

An eminent genius will write *intuitively* according to these rules, though with an irregularity that is oftentimes the parent of blemishes. The diversity of the human mind is astonishing. Some intellects will at once perform what other intellects can never be brought to accomplish. Writers of ability launch forth into their subjects with such energy, that they will not suffer any rules to operate for the regulation of their excursions. Many beauties, therefore, are thus snatched beyond the reach of art. Yet as to these writers it must be confessed that an attention to the established canons of criticism would prove highly serviceable to them. It would heighten their beauties, diminish their blemishes, and fling over their whole production an inimitable grace, easier to be conceived than described.

Shakspeare, it has been often said, pleases in spite of his irregularities. And for what reason? Because his beauties are so exquisitely charming, that they compensate for his other defects. We are enraptured with him, not on account of his blemishes, but because they are greatly outweighed by the beautiful parts which accord with those sound rules of writing

which criticism hath prescribed. The justness of his sentiments, the simplicity of his language, the strokes of passion, and the lively delineation of character must impress every mind. From such composition no reader of discernment can withhold his tribute of applause.

The imperfection of human genius renders rules highly necessary for the perfecting of composition. Without some standard we are at a loss how to form an equitable judgment of what is presented to our attention. Except some guide be held forth to us, we are out at sea, wandering in the wide and trackless ocean. But with a chart and compass we know our situation, and can ascertain the port whither we are destined. It is with literature as with every thing else, some settled laws must be established. What has most generally been found to please, and amongst persons most capable of making a just estimation, is the only rule which can be laid down for the production of similar beauties. The first writers could have no such rules, but when once they had exhibited to the world those beauties generated by the native energy of their minds, which have charmed mankind, then their successors gathered from their productions the rules necessary to be observed. It was a work of time and labour. But once ascertained, let us seriously attend to it.

Every thing in nature and art must be judged by the rules of good sense, aided by the advantages of a well directed education. Avoiding, however, servility in the imitation of others, we should never suffer taste to prevail at the expense of judgment. Of the diversity of opinions respecting literary topics, we are apprised. For a time, compositions may be popular where there is no just ground for approbation. Parties in religion or politics may impart to certain productions an importance which otherwise could not have been obtained. But when the clouds of prejudice pass away, the merits of the work will be considered. By its intrinsic value alone will it rise or fall. So true is the remark of Cicero:—"Time overthrows the illusions of opinion, but establishes the decisions of nature."

Aristotle and Longinus are the two master critics of antiquity. From their writings have been derived those rules of judging which have suffered little or no alteration by the lapse of ages. The former, in particular, has by the comprehensiveness of his mind, and by the acuteness of his genius, traversed the whole circle of human knowledge. Into almost every subject has he pryed with an eagle eye. Few



topics has he left untouched. The very recent translation of his writings by Dr. Gillies, merits from every studious mind particular attention.

Pope's Essay on Criticism should not be unnoticed in the discussion of the present subject. With its contents most of our readers, we doubt not, are acquainted. The young writer will derive considerable advantage from the attentive perusal of it. "It is a work," said Dr. Johnson, "which displays such extent of comprehension, such niceties of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience." Yet was it among his early composition.

We conclude this *Reflector* by remarking, that true Criticism, and an amiable candour, are closely allied.—Lorenzo de Medici, an eminent genius of modern times, being present when the character of a celebrated musician was the subject of censure, observed to his detractors:—"If you knew how difficult it is to arrive at excellence in any science, you would speak of him with more respect." Severity is abhorrent from the nature of the genuine critic. With the difficulty of producing what is really excellent he is not unacquainted. Over the midnight lamp has he ruminated for the acquisition of knowledge, and with a tremulous hand has he marked the beauties of the authors passing beneath his review. For young writers he therefore makes due allowance, severe only to arrogant stupidity, or disgusting conceit. The amiable youth he takes by the hand, and leads him gently on to the attainment of his wishes. Such a mode of Criticism begets love wherever it is exercised. It enlarges the human mind, invigorates its best powers, and prepares it for its noblest exertions.

### New-York,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1801.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that the booksellers, of this city, have now in the press, an edition of the *Memoirs of Mary Robinson*, written by herself. Mrs. Robinson's celebrity, as an actress, and as a writer, is so great, as to render an account of her much sought after. We are a little surprised that a complete edition of her works has not yet been published on this side the water. Alas! poor PERDITA! FLORIZEL has outlived thee!

The following list exhibits an account of all the books, in the various departments of Literature, which have been published in the year 1801, and which are regarded as adapted to the use of Ladies.

(Continued.)

16. Gleanings in England: a Descriptive of the Countenance, Mind, and Character of the Country. By Mr. Pratt, 2 vols. 8vo.

17. A Father's Instructions; adapted to different periods of life, from youth to maturity; and designed to promote the love of virtue, a taste for knowledge, and attentive observation of the works of nature. By Thomas Percival, M. D. ninth edition, with large additions. 1 vol. 8vo.

18. Remarks on the Theory of Morals, in which is contained an examination of the theoretical part of Dr. Paley's "principles of moral and political philosophy." By Edward Pearson, B. D. Rector of Rempstone, Nottinghamshire. 1 vol. 8vo.

19. The Moral Legacy; or simple narratives, which contain the following tales: the Gamester, the passionate Man, the envious Woman, the vain Man, the Libertine, the Prodigal, the Miser, the Enthusiast, the Adulteress. 1 vol. 8vo.

20. The Works of Miss Hannah More, complete, in 8 vols. small 8vo.... This celebrated writer has here collected together all her numerous writings, heretofore published, and has added, some pieces of which the world was not before in possession.

21. The writings of John Penn, Esq.

#### SELECT NOVELS.

From the innumerable works, which are constantly issuing from the press, under the name of Novels, the following, of 1801, may be selected as worthy of perusal.

22. Douglas; or, the Highlander. A novel in 4 vols. 12mo. By Robert Bisset, L. L. D. Author of the life of Burke, &c. &c. A new edition.... This novel is justly considered, as being, in every point of view the best that has appeared in the English language, since the days of Fielding and Richardson. Dr. Bisset, the author, is a man of general learning, and of great acquaintance with the world, both of which he has rendered eminently conspicuous in the work before us, which has the unanimous applause that it is so well entitled to, and which may be read with advantage by any person in any possible situation of life.

23. Louisa; a Narrative of Facts, supposed to throw light on the mysterious

history of the lady of the Hay Stack. Translated from a French work, published in the Imperial dominions, A. D. 1785. By the Rev. G. H. Glasse, A. M. Rector of Hanwell, Middlesex. 1 vol. 12mo. This work is classed with the novels, because it bears a strong resemblance to works of that sort; but, there is every reason to believe, that its contents are but too surely founded in truth. It is interesting beyond description, and the name of Mr. GLASSE is sufficient surety for its moral tendency.

24. The Force of Blood; a novel. Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, the author of Don Quixotte. Embellished with an elegant engraving. 1 vol. 12mo.

25. The Italian Romance. By Miss Gutton, author of "Imelina, a German story." 3 vols. 12mo.

26. Memoirs of Modern Philosophers. By Elizabeth Hamilton, author of the "Letters of a Hindoo Rajah." 3 vols. small 8vo.

27. The Monk of the Grotto; or, Eugenio and Virginia: a tale. 2 vols. 12mo.

28. Adonio; a desultory story. 4 vols. 12mo.

29. Adrian and Thecla; or, Friendship in Adversity; pathetic tales. 2 vols. 12mo.

30. Midsummer Eve; or, the Country Wake; a tale of the sixteenth century. 2 vols. 12mo.

### The Drama.

#### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

December 21. This evening was presented Shakspeare's well-known tragedy of *King Richard III.* with the entertainment of *Robin-Hood; or, Sherwood Forest.* Cooper was particularly successful in *Richard.* We never saw a better performance.

December 23. *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and the new farce of *Where is he?*

December 24. Shakspeare's popular tragedy of *Macbeth*; with the farce of *Fortune's Frolic.* This truly pleasant piece depends upon the character of Robin Rough-head; and Robin had a faithful representation in Mr. Jefferson.



A SOLUTION OF THE CAUSE OF RAIN.

[Translated from the French.]

I think it most probable (says the author) that rain originates from the concretion of certain humid particles of the atmosphere, which continue united until the nadir atmosphere is not of a sufficient density to sustain them, and their falling in different sizes may be accounted for in several ways: 1. They fall in small drops when the nadir atmosphere is rarefied, or the centripetal power of the atmosphere above is increased to a preponderating degree, and they fall in large drops when the nadir atmosphere is very dense, or the zenith atmosphere is become considerably more rarefied than that below the cloud from which they issue, which cause the particles to continue circulating and uniting till they become of a sufficient weight to bear them down: but I must be understood (says he) that it is not every opaque cloud we see that engenders these humid particles, for there are as many sorts of atmosphere as there are variations of soil in the earth.

JOHN MERCER.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

It has often been remarked, that the generality of females have many admirers, and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it: but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking is become quite unfashionable. "Ah! said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The flirts now a days make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were most respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite other sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos,

and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less to please they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox, which those for whom I throw out these reflexions cannot comprehend, and, till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces. The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first sight; and on that, they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, I must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when a man of sense would choose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those which might well recommend a horse!

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prejudice and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention!

From yours, &c.

DISTAFF.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES.

29. *Female Volunteers*....First and second change places; then, in their own places again lead down the middle, and up again; cast off hands four to bottom, and right and left at top.

30. *Wood's Fancy*....First lady set to the second gentleman, and turn the third; first gentleman set to the second lady, and turn the third; lead down the middle, up again, cast off hands, six round.

31. *Trip to Ratcliff*....Cast off two couple; up again; lead down two couple; up again, set corners and lead out sides.

32. *Lady Lucy Rumsey's Favourite*....First and second couple set and change sides, and back again, lead down the middle, up again, turn your partner, swing corners, and lead outside.

33. *Lord Eglington's Reel*....Foot it, and cast off two couple; up again, lead down the middle, up again, cast off hands, six round and back again; lead outside, and turn your partner round with both hands.

34. *Trip to Hinkston*....Cast off two couple;

lead down the middle, up and cast off hands, six round.

35. *Potter's Reel*....Hands across, round and back again; lead down the middle; up again, and cast off hands, six round.

36. *Rosher's Hornpipe*....The first, second, and third couple hey contrary sides, then on your own sides cross over two couple; lead up to the top and cast off, swing corners and lead outside.

37. *The Rivals*....First couple lead through the second couple, and cast up; second couple lead through the first couple and cast off, cross over, and turn right and left, set corners, lead outsides.

38. *What a Blunder*....Cast off one couple, and turn; lead through the bottom, and cast up; six round lead through the top and cast off: set corners and turn; lead outsides.

39. *Country Bumkin*....Cast off two couple; up again, lead down the middle; up again, cast off six round, and right and left.

(To be Continued.)

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst. at Trenton, Mr. PINDAR ANTRIM to Miss MARTIN BLACKWELL, both of that place.

The 10th inst. at Porto-Bello, Maryland, Mr. FREDERICK LINDENBURGER, of Baltimore, to Miss REBECCA HEBB, daughter of the late colonel Vernon Hebb.

Same day, THOMAS GITTINGS, Esq. to Miss POLLY WILMOT, both of Baltimore county.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. JAMES COOPER, aged 41, merchant, of this city, of a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian resignation and fortitude. He was much respected by all who knew him. He has left a young family to whom his death will be a severe loss.

At Baltimore, the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY SPALDING.

At Mifflin county, (Pen.) Mr. THOMAS HARRIS, aged one hundred and six years.

At Washington, Miss JANE GARDNER, a young lady whose suavity of disposition and amiable manners, endeared her to all her connections, and acquaintance.

PRINTING,

In all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.





## Parnassian Garland.

ORIGINAL.

### ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

On memory! thou dear, yet "pictur'd page,"  
Whereon the actions of my greener age  
Like distant prospects, in the fields of air,  
From fancy'd visions sink into despair;  
Or yet, alternately, with mental gloom,  
Dwell on the dead, chaotic tomb;  
Where, wrapt in dust, and mouldering lies  
A borrow'd form from heavenly skies;  
She, whom no storied urn that grandeur rears  
To consecrate her worth to future years,  
Or fam'd historic muse, in numbers mild,  
Tell the deep sorrows of her mournful child,  
Lives in the mind where filial love repays  
The wearied toils of many tiresome days;  
When youth's gay taper cheers the friendly  
dome,  
Unconscious of the scenes of life to come;  
When various thoughts, in artless views ad-  
mir'd,  
Rush on the mind by various scenes inspir'd:  
Ere yet the sigh or solemn pause profound,  
Or tears that burst through nature's ample  
mound  
Had chill'd life's current in its trackless maze,  
Or spread a gloom o'er my unclouded days;  
For who in all earths long and wide domain,  
O'er whom the passions hold imperial reign;  
But feels the pang when kindred worth no  
more  
In smiling converse cheers the languid hour.  
Even Indian tribes where towering forests rise  
Their laurel'd heads in circumambient skies,  
And beasts insatiate quit their lonely den,  
"Yet start to view the social haunts of men;"  
True to that power by nature's influence shed,  
Instinctive mourn the loss of kindred dead;  
And shall not man in wisdom most sublime,  
Whose genius marches to the beats of time,  
Hail the bright æra bursting into view,  
When nature weeps "departed worth" for you  
When instantaneous o'er Columbian wilks,  
Far from the scenes of Europe's crimson'd  
Isles  
In greatful accents, gladly pleasing strains,  
The voice of friendship greets the flow'ry  
plains.  
Say ye cold stoics and proud reasoners then,  
Least great and good of all the sons of men!  
Are there no ties in heaven or earth can bind?  
Your yet unfeeling heart, unfeeling mind,  
Indulge your hopes, the solemn hour shall  
come,  
When thy cold heart lies buried in the tomb,  
For me, the morning dawn of life must close,  
And fancy form my soul to future woes,

Night, sable cloud is o'er her mansion hung,  
And death-like silence reigns upon my tongue.  
Alas! no pleasing prospects now remain,  
A mother's image strikes my frantic brain;  
Alternate pray'r's, nor learned skill could save  
Her wither'd form, slow bending to the grave:  
No more for me her heart with anxious care  
Beats high with love, or lifts its evening pray'r,  
No more her lips pronounce th' instructive  
page,

In moral precepts to the rising age  
She's gone; the tenant of a milder clime,  
Triumphant o'er the scenes of death and time.

B.

### SELECTED.

#### THOUGHTS ON A ROSE.

HAIL beauteous flower! whose crimson hue  
Delights the eye, enchants the view,

Whose fragrance charms the smell;  
How blest the men, whose tender care  
Employ'd such tender plants to rear,  
Who near such beauties dwell!

But know, my lovely rose, that thou  
A savage doom wilt undergo;  
That sun which makes thee gay  
Behind some cloud may hide its head,  
Thy beauteous hue and leaves may fade,  
And thou neglected lay.

Or should the adverse blast delay  
To come, yet still, old age, decay,  
Apace comes hastening on;  
Thy juices dried, thy vigour past,  
The softest shower, or slightest blast,  
Will bring thee to thy doom.

Attend Lavinia; thou may'st see  
An emblem in this rose of thee,  
Thy attributes delight;  
Thy blandishments the heart can warm,  
Thy rosy cheeks the eye can charm,  
And please th' enraptur'd sight.

Those souls are blest who near thee dwell,  
Who enjoy thy friendship, hear thee tell  
Thy lively repartee;  
Thy virtues can our grief dispel;  
'Tis only when we say farewell,  
We feel a pang with thee.

But adverse gales through life may blow,  
Joy may give place to chilling woe,  
And tears thy cheeks bedew;  
Or should'st thou 'scape such ills as these,  
Old age thy limbs e'er long will seize,  
And lay thy beauties low.

But why, Lavinia, dost thou start?  
This fact I own might rend thy heart,  
Hadst thou no further hope:  
But see, religion stepping in,  
Can even gild this dismal scene,  
And keep thy spirits up.

She shows, Lavinia, Christians have  
A solid joy beyond the grave;  
Thus when their frames decay,  
With joy they yield their mortal breath,  
Convinc'd when past the night of death,  
Their is...ETERNAL DAY! J. F.

[The following lines are from the pen of the  
justly celebrated HANNAH MORE. They  
were written at the age of eighteen, and ex-  
plain her idea of the true province of women.]

"As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of  
light;

Should some rude hand profanely dare in-  
trude,

And bear its beauties from its native wood;  
Expos'd abroad, its languid colours fly,  
Its form decays, and all its odours die.

So woman, born to dignify retreat,  
Unknown to flourish and unseen be great;  
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;  
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
Should seek but heaven's applauses and her  
own,

Should dread no blame but that which crimes  
impart,

The censures of a self-condemning heart.  
Heaven's minist'ring angel! she should seek  
the cell

Where modest want and silent anguish dwell;  
Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knee,  
Cheer the cold heart, and chase the dire dis-  
ease;

The splendid deeds which only seek a name,  
Are paid their just reward, in present fame.  
But know....the awful all-disclosing day,  
The long arrears of secret worth shall pay;  
Applauding saints shall hear with fond re-  
gard,  
And he who witness'd here....thall there re-  
ward."

#### THE WISH.

IMMORTAL Gods, my prayers befriend.  
And to a suppliant mind attend;  
Let not my days pass calm and still,  
But chequer them with good and ill;  
And let my life for ever be,  
A mixture of variety;  
For when misfortune well I know,  
I then shall feel for others' woe.  
Join'd to courage, knowledge, truth,  
Let honest virtue crown my youth;  
Give me that pride which will be free,  
And scorns to crouch to tyranny;  
My cheek ne'er know the blush of shame,  
And add to this a well-earn'd fame!  
Oh! grant, ye gods, it be my lot,  
That when I'm dead I'm not forgot;  
My first great wish is glorious fame!  
Let future ages know my name!  
To crown the whole, ye gods above!  
Let me not know what 't is to love!

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